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The Paducah Daily Sun, November 15, 1897

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THE LOCAL WORLD.

Nothing Sensational Marks the Advent
of Another Week.—Notes of
General Interest.

The School Board Presidency.—Democratic Caucus.—Police
and Constabulary News.—Other Matters
of Minor Import.

SCHOOL BOARD PRESIDENCY.
There promises to be an interesting contest in the board of education over the presidency when the time for electing a successor to Dr. James Lang arrives.

This election is to be held on the 15th, and the friends of Trustee C. M. Leake, immediately after it became known that Dr. Lang would retire by virtue of his having been elected mayor, tipped him as a probable successor.

Dr. J. T. Reddick, however, has many friends in the board who desire to see him president, and it now seems probable that either Mr. Leake or Dr. Reddick will be the next president. Mr. Leake has been in the board since the death of the late President Hallard a couple of years ago, and Dr. Reddick has served one term as a member a couple of years ago. Hence each gentleman has experience, and each has followers both in the board and out.

THE COUNCIL CAUCUS.
The caucus of the Democratic council-elect will be held next Wednesday, probably in the council chamber. It will likely be private. All applications must be in Wednesday at noon.

In the appointment of police officers considerable interest is being taken, and the caucus will have nothing to do with this, as the appointments are made by the mayor. The latter is to have a good police force, too. He is going to have the best men procurable, and in selecting them will advise with those competent to pass on a man's qualifications, which he stated himself, in reply to a question addressed by a reporter yesterday.

THE COUCH OF THE COUL.
Some idea of the cost to taxpayers of madame's case against disreputable people may be drawn from the experience of Ida Elder, colored, who was released from jail yesterday. Several months ago she had George Weckly, colored, who was recently shot while attempting to escape from Constable Patton, arrested for rape. The case resulted itself into one of simple immorality when an investigation was made and they were both indicted for it. Weckly served his fine and was released, but the woman eluded the officers until last September. She was committed to jail just before court convened the first part of September, and as the case did not go to trial because it was not reached before adjournment, she remained in jail. A short time since she was tried before County Judge Tully and fined. The result is, her little case of immorality has cost the taxpayers about \$10, and it was all wasted, because confinement in jail has no effect on such characters or on the moral atmosphere of the community.

THE WOODMEN CELEBRATE.
The twice postponed unveiling ceremonies of monuments erected at Oak Grove over deceased members of the Woodmen of the World, took place yesterday afternoon at the cemetery, and were witnessed by a large crowd. The ceremonies were very impressive and the program well observed. Monuments were unveiled at the graves of Messrs. Arthur Pell and Ben August in the cemetery.

QUAIL HUNTERS OUT.
The Kentucky game law expired today, and quail hunters almost without number left the city with their guns and dogs for the neighboring thickets in quest of the white-throated quail. Many of them are expected to return well laden with quail at nightfall.

Paducah hunters are always fortunate, however, as they can hunt birds in both Tennessee and Illinois long before the Kentucky law is out, the laws in the two states mentioned above expiring before ours.

MEDICAL CONVENTION.
The state convention of the eclectic medical association convenes tomorrow and a large number of prominent doctors from all over the state are expected. The meeting will be held at Elks Hall, Opera House block, and the program already published in full is a most attractive one. The evening entertainment will be given consisting of reading by Prof. Lloyd, of Cincinnati, and musical selections.

TAKEN TO HOPKINSVILLE.
Jane Jones, who one week ago today was standing guard over her dead daughter, was yesterday carried to Hopkinsville by Constable Patton and lodged in the Asylum. She would not permit the burial of the woman until undertaker Nance carried a police officer with him. Helia Jones took charge of her after she was adjudged insane, but she was too

OF THE COCKADEERS.
Rev. H. B. Johnson, Barton and Ward left today for Trenton, Tenn., to attend the annual Memphis conference of the M. E. Church. Their ears were up yesterday, and all have done an excellent work. It is thought they will be returned to Paducah.

TWELVE TEMPTATIONS HERE.
The Twelve Temptations Company arrived at noon from Evansville in the special coaches over the Illinois Central. There are about 50 people in the troupe, and the entertainment is better and newer than usual.

OFF FOR TEXAS.
Rev. J. Egan, wife and three children and two young men, all from Marshall county, left at noon today for Texas, where they will settle on a tract of land, and become permanent residents of the Lone Star State.

They were accompanied to the Union depot by quite a crowd of friends and relatives, and tears were shed by both the preacher and his crowd, and those who had gone to see him off.

THE SEWERAGE WORK.
The sewerage excavations are advancing but no pipe is at present being laid. Some difficulty is being encountered in keeping the slope water out of the tunnels while the pipes are being put in.

DID HE AN INJUSTICE?
Mr. W. K. McFarland, of 1235 Monroe street, states that the Register did him an injustice yesterday in stating that he was drinking and after a colored woman who assaulted him. He claims he was not drunk, and that he is a law abiding and respected citizen, and the misrepresentation in the paper was without justification.

WINSTON'S LAST WEEK.
"Devil" Winston entered on his last week of earthly existence yesterday with prayer and thanksgiving. He was visited at the jail yesterday by several ministers of the gospel, as well as other Christian people. He continues in good spirits, and bids fair to meet the gallows with the firm and undaunted demeanor that has characterized him since his conviction.

MARRIED IN A HURRY.
Mr. W. P. Hill and Miss Cora Hooks, of White county, Ark., were married last week, and will arrive in the city tomorrow en route to Mr. Hill's old home near Sharpe, Marshall county, on a flat. The groom is a brother of Mr. Sam A. Hill, of the city.

REVIVAL IN THE COUNTY.
Rev. Tom Pettit, of Harrodsburg, in the Baldy neighborhood, is conducting a successful revival at the above named church, ably assisted by Rev. L. B. Duncan, formerly pastor of the Second Baptist church, this city.

GORMAN'S LITTLE SCHEME.

Will Move to New York
and Become a Candidate
For the Presidency.

The President of the Defunct Indiana Bank is Badly
Scared.—Other Telegraphic News.

New York, Nov. 13.—United States Senator Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland, is moving to this city. It is said that he is planning to become a candidate for the presidency in 1920, and that by this means he hopes to have the backing of New York state.

A BRAVE WOMAN.
Shot an Unknown Man Trying to Enter Her Room.
Danville, Ky., Nov. 13.—Mrs. James Wilcox, a well known lady of this town, last night shot and mortally wounded an unknown man who was trying to enter her room.

A SCARED BANKER.
President Weathers, of English, Ind., Fearful for His Life.
English, Ind., Nov. 13.—John H. Weathers, president of the banks of this city, Leavenworth and Marquette, which failed Saturday, has left home and is afraid to return. The popular excitement is high.

HORRIBLE MURDER.
A Wealthy Logger Fossil Dead in
Whitley County.
Williamsburg, Ky., Nov. 13.—The half decayed body of Lincoln Fossil, a wealthy logger, was found today in the mouth of a creek. A warrant has been issued for a prominent former charging murder. The excitement is intense.

Four one pint cups for 5 cents at
Noah's Ark tomorrow.
A five-piece water set, was \$1.25, sale price tomorrow at Noah's Ark, 85 cents.

STATION AGENT KILLED.

Terrible Fate of Agent James
Fawcett at Fowles, Tenn.,
Yesterday.—Struck
By a Train.

River Front Extension Work Resumed.—Pay Train Due
Next Thursday.—Other
Railroad News.

James Fawcett, Illinois Central station agent at Fowles, Tenn., 400 miles below Paducah, was struck by engine No. 380, on train No. 2, yesterday forenoon about 10 o'clock and instantly killed.

He had started to cross the track in front of the rapidly approaching train, but was not quick enough. It is said that he was very careless about jumping on and off trains and passing in front of them, and was warned only a few days ago by a railroad man from Paducah that he would sooner or later get killed by a train.

The deceased was a man known to every railroad man running south on the I. C.

Work was begun on the river front extension of the Illinois Central again, being resumed at Washington street.—It will soon be completed.

The pay train will pass through Paducah on the 18th, next Thursday, and will probably pay off at least a part of the Illinois Central employees on that day. It will pass through again, going south, on the 3d.

Beginning today all trains on the I. C. are rated by gross tonnage instead of by the load. The rate for all trains in this district is as follows:

PADUCAH DISTRICT.
19-lb Cook, Nos. 346 and 351, 635 tons.
19-lb Schoensted, Nos. 361 and 370, 675 tons.
19-lb Brooks, Nos. 516 and 518, 685 tons.
19-lb Schoensted, Nos. 288 and 300 class, 580 tons.

DIED OF HER INJURIES.

Miss Ruby Neal's Death This
Morning.
Fell Down the Stairs of the Sixth
School Last Week.

Miss Ruby Neal, the 10-year-old daughter of Mr. Cad Neal, of the South Side, died this morning from injuries received last Friday at the 6th street school house.

When she fell a distance of six feet or more to a brick floor, and was picked up unconscious. It proved that she was internally injured, and she passed away this forenoon. No arrangements have been made for the funeral.

OLD CITIZEN GONE.
Death of Capt. James Mortimer
Saturday.
Captain James O. Mortimer, an old and respected citizen of Paducah, died at his residence on Second street at 8 o'clock p. m. of bright disease. He had been a great sufferer for several months previous to his confinement, but being a man of undaunted courage and energy, he succeeded in staying on his feet until Nov. 1st, when he succumbed to his affliction, and became a confirmed invalid.

Mr. Mortimer had been a member of the First Baptist Church for a number of years and was a devoted Christian gentleman. He was also a member of the Foreign Association of Naval Veterans, Philadelphia. He was born in Hopkinsville, Ky., on the 10th day of November 1826, and was seventy-one years of age. He came to this city some time in the fifties, and followed the avocation of a pilot on the various rivers. During the late rebellion he served as pilot on the gun boats and transports. He was in several engagements at Shiloh and other places having served through the entire war.

Mr. Mortimer leaves a wife and three children, a son and two daughters. Also two sisters, one of whom resides in Nashville, California, and the other in Pleasant Hill, Mo. He was a kind, free hearted gentleman and was always ready to assist anyone in distress. When in his power to do so. He enjoyed the good will and highest esteem of all who knew him.

One quart coffee pot at Noah's Ark tomorrow, 5 cents.
TONIGHT.
Charles H. Yale's "The Twelve Temptations."

SANCHEZ CONVICTED.

The Speedy Trial of This Foul
Murderer Finished at De-
ver Saturday.—His
Unique Plea.

Sanchez Claimed to Have Killed
His Wife, Formerly Jeanie War-
ren, of This City. While
He Was Asleep.

Fred C. Sanchez, charged with the murder of his wife, Jeanie Warren-Sanchez, formerly of Paducah, was convicted of murder in the first degree at Denver, Colorado, Saturday, after the jury had been out twenty-four hours.

A Globe-Democrat special yesterday says:

The jury in the case of Frederick C. Sanchez, who killed his wife in the Colorado House in this city October 10th, returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree today. Sanchez's defense was that he shot his wife while in a nightmare imagining a robber had entered his room. Her life was insured for \$11,000. The case was remarkable because of the scientific evidence introduced to support the plea that Sanchez could not shoot his wife while suffering from somnambulism.

A Saturday special to the Globe-Democrat gives the following additional interesting facts concerning the case:

"For the first time in the history of the country the theory of somnambulism has been offered as the sole plea in defense of a man charged with murder. F. C. Sanchez killed his wife last week. He told the officer who arrested him two minutes after the crime, that he had been disturbed by a burglar who had entered their room, and who had killed the woman sleeping at his side. Next day he confessed that he had done the shooting and ascribed the fatality to accident. He demanded a speedy trial and was granted it.

His attorney started the court by pleading not guilty and offering the defense that the shooting was done while the defendant was asleep. He claimed that the prisoner labored under the impression that he had been held up on the street the night before and that the robbers had come to his room. Under this belief, he started in his sleep, and, taking a revolver from under his pillow, fired at the supposed intruders and killed his wife.

Dr. H. T. Penning, for the state, controverted any of the statements of the defense by testifying that it was possible but not probable that a person could fire two shots without waking him up.

The defense also contended that epileptic subjects were frequently in a homicidal state when awakened from somnambulism. A person, on waking up after doing a violent deed, always felt remorse. Such individuals would frequently follow a phantom for blocks at a time. This was cited to show a reason for Sanchez's action in running from his room on the morning of the murder.

"He has killed my wife," cried the verdict of the jury was to surprise. As the prisoner's father has plenty of money, however, this trial will in all probability not end the case.

Readers of the Six are familiar with how the young girl stole the acquaintance of her murderous husband through a perilous matrimonial agency, ran away to Metropolis and there married him. Of how she was slain while sleeping, and sent back to relatives a corpse. Of how, ere the victim died, there was a week litigation began here over a few hundred dollars insurance on her life.

The mound of earth at Oak Grove now offers a ghastly fascination for sight-seers, especially on the Sabbath, and whenever there is a crowd there, the spot that marks the last resting place of the murdered bride is not the least attractive spot in the cemetery. Meanwhile the treacherous head who is responsible for it all occupies a prison-cell in far away Denver, free from remorse because he committed the deed while asleep.

Embroidery hoops tomorrow at Noah's Ark for 10 cents; worth 20 and 25 cents.
Yellow Fever Entirely Disappeared.

Quarantine having been raised in all the Southern states, the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis railway has resumed the sale of tickets to all local and foreign points.
F. B. Tamm, U. S. C. & T. A.,
125 Broadway,
Paducah, Ky.

TONIGHT.
Charles H. Yale's "The Twelve Temptations."

Fitted with every possible attribute of entertainment and amusement, that grand spectacular production, Charles H. Yale's "The Twelve Temptations," will be given in all its wonderful beauty and completeness at Morton's Opera house tonight.



Heating Stoves

We have them in more than
sixty sizes and patterns, for

COAL WOOD
GAS OIL

We are the only people who
can please you in every par-
ticular, as to style, quality
and price.

10¢ COAL BUCKETS 10¢
BEST QUALITY

GEO. O. HART & SON

HARDWARE AND STOVE CO.

303-307 Broadway — 109-117 North Third

GEO. ROCK & SON

BOOTS AND SHOES

For the past thirty nine years this familiar sign has been seen on
Broadway. Every schoolboy or girl in Paducah knows the name of
Rock.

We carry the same quality of goods today that we did thirty-nine
years ago. That means the best goods you can buy for the money. We
are up to date in style, color and price.
A picture free with every cash purchase.

GEO. ROCK & SON,
321 BROADWAY

SHIRT BARGAINS

50 Cents
Cuffs to Match

White bodies and colored
shield bosoms. Cuffs to
match. Equal to what
other houses ask 75c for.

Nobby Patterns....
Fit Well! Look Well!
See Them.

SHIRT BARGAINS

79 Cents
...Better Made

White bodies and colored
bosoms, cuffs to match.
Equal to what others ask
you \$1.00 for.

See Window Display
Well Made! Fit Well!
They're Nobby.

B. WEILLE & SON

409-411 BROADWAY

LET US HELP YOU

To have a comfortable and handsome home, we arrange that it won't cost you much.
You will be delighted and surprised at our stock, with our low prices, with our reason-
able terms. Our store is crowded with

Handsome Bedroom Sets, Lounges,
Rockers and Folding Beds, Latest
Patterns of Carpets, Rugs, Mattings.

Our Stoves for both cooking and heating are unsurpassed for beauty and quality.
See Our Ranges, our Trunks—in fact, anything that will furnish your house.
Our promises have been fulfilled in the past, which inspired public confidence in us.
We promise many astonishing bargains, and we always live up to our promises—we
will never disappoint you. Remember our stores are open every evening until 9 o'clock

JONES INSTALLMENT COMPANY
CORNER THIRD AND COURT STREETS

Dalton Can Please You

The Tailor

333 BROADWAY

Tailor-made suits to order for less money than ready-
made ones of same quality. Everybody can wear a tailor-
made suit at the prices charged by

Dalton's Tailoring
Establishment

Two people of New Orleans estimate that the damage done to the business of the city by the yellow fever this year has been fully \$25,000,000. That is a large sum, and yet it is not improbable that the loss to New Orleans was that amount. The terrible scourge did not reach this city, yet it is well to consider what might have been the damage to the business of this city had it broken out here. As long as yellow fever visits the lower Mississippi cities just as long is there a possibility that this city also may become infected. Experience has demonstrated that there is but one effective preventive and that is in cleanliness and a thorough system of sanitation. Such a system, Paducah lacks to a most lamentable degree. The becoming epidemic in this city of any contagious disease such as yellow fever, typhoid or any other malignant fever would show in a terrible way the need that this city has of better sanitation. It is in the light of such facts as these that our citizens must consider the sewerage system. The time will come when the present opponents of the sewerage system will congratulate themselves that Paducah had one council that had the nerve to do what was right, even at the risk of becoming unpopular.

A DOWNTOWN DEPOT. Rumor has it that the Illinois Central is contemplating the construction of a new and enlarged freight depot near the Union Depot. Whether or not the rumor is correct it is quite probable that the railroad company will build such a depot somewhere and approximately in the near future. The Illinois Central to itself no desire to dictate to a great railroad system what it shall do, but in behalf of the business men of Paducah we make a suggestion, which should the idea contained therein be put into execution would be of great benefit to the merchants and traveling public of this city.

The Illinois Central owns the vacant block on First street between Broadway and Court. In its present condition the block is worthless to the I. C. and an eyesore to the people of the city. It is, however, a most valuable piece of property and one that could be utilized by the railroad company to great advantage. That block is the logical site for a downtown passenger and freight depot combined. It is said in politics that the "logical" candidate is never nominated, but we hope that it will not follow that the logical site is not selected.

Located as the block is at the foot of Broadway, a passenger depot there would be at the terminus of all the various lines of our street car system. For this reason and because of its location right at the business center of the city, it is by far the most convenient location for a passenger depot that could be found in the city. The ideal arrangement would be for connection to be made between the I. C. and the N. C. & St. L. by extending the river front spur, and then have an actual "union" depot at the foot of Broadway. Such an arrangement as this would be of immense advantage to the traveling public.

The location of a passenger depot at the foot of Broadway would be mostly a matter of convenience. But in regard to a freight depot, it would result in a vast financial saving to the business men. A freight depot there would be within two squares of several of the largest wholesale houses in the city, within four squares of all the other wholesale houses and of nearly all the large retail houses. It would be difficult to estimate the great saving that would result to the merchants, both wholesale and retail, if the hauling of freight to and from the depot were shortened to four squares or less in each.

In the large cities the tendency of the railroads is to improve their terminal facilities that their depots shall be as near as possible to the business center of the city. We believe that the following of that custom in this city would not only be a great convenience and saving to the business men of Paducah, but would, after a time prove to be a profitable move for the railroad as well.

So-To-Har for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed to cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. No. 10. All druggists.

The Peacock of Home. The real home of the peacock is not in the jungle, but in the city. They are as tame as dogs, and their feathers are as soft as silk. They are the most beautiful of all birds, and their colors are as bright as the rainbow. They are the most graceful of all birds, and their movements are as elegant as a dancer. They are the most intelligent of all birds, and their voices are as sweet as music. They are the most beautiful of all birds, and their colors are as bright as the rainbow. They are the most graceful of all birds, and their movements are as elegant as a dancer. They are the most intelligent of all birds, and their voices are as sweet as music.

On the evening of the third day he came to the conclusion that something must be done to make his job secure in his opinion, it would not do to have trains whistling by and he standing all the day idle. He would break the monotony of the situation at all costs. As a local drew near, about the hour of dusk, he took his position on the platform with a red lantern in his hand. He waved it vigorously, and the train stopped. The conductor, who was a little startled, looked up and down the platform, but no passenger was in sight. There was no one but the agent, and he looked supremely happy, as the passenger train had stopped.

"Where, your passengers?" asked the conductor. "There isn't none," said the agent. "What did you signal for?" "I just thought maybe you had some one to get off. Anyhow, it's a dereliction of duty that if this corporation don't stop all trains at this station regularly I'm going to throw up the job. I'd sooner be in a lighthouse. That would be likely. You kin go on now."

Conceding a Maxim. James, the most famous of old maxims goes like this: "New, there's that one about a friend in need being a friend indeed." "Well, what's wrong with that?" "Why, I should think a friend indeed was one who wasn't a friend indeed."

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ECONOMY AT THE TROTTEL.

Running a locomotive on a short supply of water. "Say," said the old engineer, "where did you get a hold of all those stories of the old W. & O. anyway? That one you had last, about Dan Cronan, makes me think of another old-timer who used to work on that road, and that was old Levi Young, the engineer."

"Now Levi, did you?" "Well, by gosh, is that so? Say, wa'n't his great one? I've ever hear of his economical turn? Well, I'll tell ye."

"In seed (was this way: Levi was a pump for water, but he belonged to the time when there was two kinds of engineers—those who could run, but didn't know much about the machine, and those who could take one apart and put her together again, but couldn't pull a nut tight on time. Levi was different now, an' every runner has got to know something about his machine."

"Well, as I was a-tellin' ye, Levi could run all right. He'd make time with any sort of old machine, but he was a few chips shy on the mechanical part of it. It used to be said that once when he was stalled in a snowstorm down about the Oswego country hills an' a short of water, he tried to fill the boiler by shovelin' snow down her smokestack."

"Levi got kinder odd when they put him to runnin' the new accommodation. That was a train that used to consist of one combination car, and it ran from those into Oswego in the mornin' to pick up what early passenger traffic there was."

"They put an old engine, No. 7, on her that was built way back in the 60's. She had been fixed over, but her boiler was loose, an' she was light, an' it was all she could do to pull the one car. She had an old-fashioned injector that you had to shut off from the runnin' board, and alongside her steam dome, which, bein' she was an old-timer, was just bein' fixed by a mechanic gets a fit one day, and he gets out an order that we must all of us economize in our running expenses. Old Levi studied over it and concluded that he could."

"So, one mornin', when they was startin' out of Rose, his engine, who was poor Martin Slattery, noticed that the water was a bit low, an' says so to Levi. 'Levi,' he says, 'have ye got enough water to get over the grade?'"

"The grade is hanged," says Levi; "we've got to be economical." An' along he goes, till he gets up purty near to the top of the grade, an' then he turns on the water, runs a little into her, an' then tells Martin to go out an' shut her off, while he fills the dome."

"An' just as he was gettin' back through the front window of the cab that old boiler just ripped open at the bottom an' rolled over on one side. Blow up, an' when Levi an' Martin realized what had happened, there they was sittin' on the coal in the tender, an' lookin' foolish, while the old engine was slidin' down grade with her tubes bare, for all the world like one of these pictures in the back part of the dictionary."

"Well, they stopped her, an' then they took stock. The smokestack had been thrown away over in the cornfield, the headlight was stickin' up in a tree, an' the train's enough glass left in the cab to scrape a drinkin' smooth."

"They never found the bell, and the boys say that once in awhile when they run past there they can hear the ghost of the bell of No. 7 ringin'. But I guess some farmer got a good bell for nothin'."—Detroit Journal.

IT IS TO BE A FUR WINTER. Some Very Old Christmas in Sale, Mink and Ermine.

This is to be a fur winter, and fancy breeds and jet passenger cars are not to take the place of sable and fox, ermine and chinchilla. They are simply to form the basis of rich toilet accessories. Finishing touches are to be of fur. Capes of plaid and velvet, and plaid velvet have collar perimeters which just cover the shoulders like yokes, of green and mink, sable, ermine, fox, seal or mink. Sable never looks so beautiful as when used in conjunction with rich velvet and ermine, and is therefore especially appropriate for evening cloaks. A mantle of mistle blue velvet in a deep but brilliant shade is cut in circular shape and bordered with white tails. The Elizabethan collar is continued in long, narrow ruffles down the front. The linings of the costly wraps are almost as rich as the outside, and this one of blue velvet is lined with white brocade with a large design of lilies traced in silver thread.

A gorgeous garment is of pale pink brocade with clusters of white and mauve lilies scattered over the surface. The lining is of sable, and a rolling collar of sable has ruffles of lace inside, and is fastened with a huge hook and eye of diamonds.

Another beautiful evening wrap—these so-called evening mantles—are worn, also, for carriage calls and with very handsome afternoon toilets—is of chinchilla, lined with ermine. It has a rolling collar, a train and a deep full of fur over the cape proper, which falls below the waist.

A jaunty little out-door cape is made of seal skin, with high collar and pointed tails. The yoke is edged by a full ruffle of soft gray chinchilla.—Detroit Free Press.

AT LONESOMEHURST. An Agent Plugs a Train Just in Have

Not long ago a new station agent was appointed at one of the small suburban towns. The said town has tolerably fair street car accommodations. Hence the local trains on the railroad do not stop there. The agent, who is a very bright man, was fully instructed in his duties and given to understand that whenever he had a passenger he was to flag the train.

He attended to the duties of his office as proper may, but he seemed to have in his mind that everything was not right, inasmuch as he was doing no passenger business for the road. He had been in office three days and not a passenger showed up to gladden his weary soul.

On the evening of the third day he came to the conclusion that something must be done to make his job secure in his opinion, it would not do to have trains whistling by and he standing all the day idle. He would break the monotony of the situation at all costs. As a local drew near, about the hour of dusk, he took his position on the platform with a red lantern in his hand. He waved it vigorously, and the train stopped. The conductor, who was a little startled, looked up and down the platform, but no passenger was in sight. There was no one but the agent, and he looked supremely happy, as the passenger train had stopped.

"Where, your passengers?" asked the conductor. "There isn't none," said the agent. "What did you signal for?" "I just thought maybe you had some one to get off. Anyhow, it's a dereliction of duty that if this corporation don't stop all trains at this station regularly I'm going to throw up the job. I'd sooner be in a lighthouse. That would be likely. You kin go on now."

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BRIDGE POOLS A FARMER'S.

Running a locomotive on a short supply of water. "Say," said the old engineer, "where did you get a hold of all those stories of the old W. & O. anyway? That one you had last, about Dan Cronan, makes me think of another old-timer who used to work on that road, and that was old Levi Young, the engineer."

"Now Levi, did you?" "Well, by gosh, is that so? Say, wa'n't his great one? I've ever hear of his economical turn? Well, I'll tell ye."

"In seed (was this way: Levi was a pump for water, but he belonged to the time when there was two kinds of engineers—those who could run, but didn't know much about the machine, and those who could take one apart and put her together again, but couldn't pull a nut tight on time. Levi was different now, an' every runner has got to know something about his machine."

"Well, as I was a-tellin' ye, Levi could run all right. He'd make time with any sort of old machine, but he was a few chips shy on the mechanical part of it. It used to be said that once when he was stalled in a snowstorm down about the Oswego country hills an' a short of water, he tried to fill the boiler by shovelin' snow down her smokestack."

"Levi got kinder odd when they put him to runnin' the new accommodation. That was a train that used to consist of one combination car, and it ran from those into Oswego in the mornin' to pick up what early passenger traffic there was."

"They put an old engine, No. 7, on her that was built way back in the 60's. She had been fixed over, but her boiler was loose, an' she was light, an' it was all she could do to pull the one car. She had an old-fashioned injector that you had to shut off from the runnin' board, and alongside her steam dome, which, bein' she was an old-timer, was just bein' fixed by a mechanic gets a fit one day, and he gets out an order that we must all of us economize in our running expenses. Old Levi studied over it and concluded that he could."

"So, one mornin', when they was startin' out of Rose, his engine, who was poor Martin Slattery, noticed that the water was a bit low, an' says so to Levi. 'Levi,' he says, 'have ye got enough water to get over the grade?'"

"The grade is hanged," says Levi; "we've got to be economical." An' along he goes, till he gets up purty near to the top of the grade, an' then he turns on the water, runs a little into her, an' then tells Martin to go out an' shut her off, while he fills the dome."

"An' just as he was gettin' back through the front window of the cab that old boiler just ripped open at the bottom an' rolled over on one side. Blow up, an' when Levi an' Martin realized what had happened, there they was sittin' on the coal in the tender, an' lookin' foolish, while the old engine was slidin' down grade with her tubes bare, for all the world like one of these pictures in the back part of the dictionary."

"Well, they stopped her, an' then they took stock. The smokestack had been thrown away over in the cornfield, the headlight was stickin' up in a tree, an' the train's enough glass left in the cab to scrape a drinkin' smooth."

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